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affected at the idea of his departure, that I suggested to Mr. Penrose the propriety of his sparing her the pain of a formal leave-taking, and that he should, as it were, steal away from his daughter. "Thou hast forgotten us Lucy," he replied, with a melancholy smile, "wouldst thou have me practice deception towards my child, when I tell her to be honest in all things? Besides, an unrelaxing curb on passion and temper can alone ensure the happiness, and strengthen the character of women. I should wish Zillah to possess meekness, patience, and enduring gentleness, united to *mental firmness*; I desire for her qualities that have more worth than splendor, and which bear resemblance to those of him who did not say, learn of me, for I am great, and magnificent, and powerful, but "learn of me, for I am meek and lowly," whose life was truth, and whose followers must not deceive."

These "Chronicles" are written, as we have said, for the young, but what age is there, which might not reap advantage from the perusal of a passage such as this? The honest Quaker, here speaks forth the words of truth and soberness, and happy should we be, if all the exertions which are made in these times, for the diffusion of useful knowledge, were imbued with such a spirit as our authoress has put into the mouth of this father, in providing for the instruction of his child. There is a charming story too of an Irish girl, Millicent O'Brien, that will remind our readers of the same fair writer's admirable 'Sketches of Irish character.' Once more do we cordially recommend the diligent perusal of so excellent a book, and in an especial manner to all our fair young readers.

*The Doom of Devorgoil; a Melo-Drama.—Auchindrane, or, the Ayrshire Tragedy.—*By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—Edinburgh, Cadell and Company; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

UPON dipping into the first of these pieces with that avidity, which the possession of "Sir Walter's newest" is always sure to excite, we speedily found ourselves stranded; we were not quite prepared for so shallow a plunge; and our nerves encountered a shock reactive in proportion, and from which, sooth to say, we have scarcely yet recovered. The immediate consequence was, that our ideas took a new turn; from the anticipated admiration of the dramatic talent of the author of *Marmion*, for which we were most liberally prepared, we dropped into a train of reflection by no means complimentary to the writer of *Devorgoil*. In plain parlance, we do not like the *Doom of Devorgoil*; nor can we persuade ourselves that Sir Walter could possibly have any motive, save one, for the publication of so unworthy a production. But even the candid avowal of his intention to continue "to strike the iron while hot," which we remember he made in one of his prefaces not a hundred years ago, will hardly justify the putting off such paltry manufacture upon the public: the sweepings of his study, the rummaging and refuse of his portfolio.—Immediately behind the title-page, when the reader has possessed himself of the book, he will see that Sir Walter deigns to cry him mercy. But it is superfluous to inform us that *Devorgoil* was written "long since,"—that it is misnamed a Melo-drama, that "an Extravaganza" were its more fitting title. The author confesses indeed freely to the misna-

agement of the mimic goblins, mixed with the supernatural machinery of a real ghost, together with "other faults;" but where was the necessity of sending forth to the world a production so confessedly faulty? It was not for fame, for barren reputation, surely.

But such as it is, it becomes our duty to give some account of it to our readers, and we shall endeavour to acquit ourselves with a becoming brevity.

Oswald of Devorgoil, a proud and poor baron of Galloway, is labouring under the pressure of decayed circumstances, which is supposed to be owing to the doom which impends over his house. His daughter Flora is courted by two suitors, both without the baron's privacy; one of them, Leonard Dacre, the lady's favorite, turns out in the end to be the heir of the house of Aglionby, the ruin of which, by the grand sire of Oswald, had brought down the doom; the other suitor is a conceited silly ass, a learned clerk and preacher "under favour,"—one Master Melchisedek Gullcrammer, who thus soliloquiseeth on his first appearance on the scene:—

Gullcrammer—Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek;

As well becometh one, whom good Saint Mungo, The patron of our land and university, Hath graced with licence both to teach and preach— Who dare opine thou hither plod'st on foot? Trim sits thy cloak, unrufl'd is thy band, And not a speck upon thine outward man, Bewrays the labours of thy weary sole.

[*Touches his shoe, and smiles complacently.*]

Quaint was that jest and pleasant!—Now will I Approach and hail the dwellers of this fort; But specially sweet Flora Devorgoil, Ere her proud sire return. He loves me not, Mocketh my lineage, flouts at mine advancement— Sour as the fruit the crab-tree furnishes, And hard as is the cudgel it supplies; But Flora—she's a lily on the lake, And I must reach her though I risk a ducking.

This blockhead with his quaintness and affectation, is thrust upon us beyond all reasonable endurance, the author, no doubt, intending him to be the vehicle of much goodly humour, —*par exemple*:—

Gullcrammer—...She respects me.

Durward—But not so doth her father, haughty Oswald.

Bethink thee he's a baron—

Gullcrammer—And a bare one;

Construe me that, old man!—The crofts of Mucklewhame—

Destined for mine so soon as heaven and earth.

Have shared my uncle's soul and bones between them—

The crofts of Mucklewhame, old man, which nourish

Three scores of sheep, three crows, with each her fol-

lower,

A female palfrey eke—I will be candid,

She is of that meek tribe whom, in derision,

Our wealthy southern neighbours nickname donkeys—

Durward—She hath her follower too,—when thou art there.

Gullcrammer—I say to thee, these crofts of Mucklewhame,

In the mere tithing of their stock and produce,

Outvie whatever patch of land remains

To this old rugged castle and its owner.

Well, therefore, may Melchisedek Gullcrammer,

Younger of Mucklewhame—for such I write me—

Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint Andrew's,

Preacher, in brief expectance of a kirk,

Fendow'd with ten score Scottish pounds per annum,

Being eight pounds seventeen eight in sterling coin—

Well then, I say, may this Melchisedek,

Thus highly graced by fortune—and by nature

Even gifted as thou seest—aspire to woo

The daughter of the beggar'd Devorgoil.

The reader may think he has had quite enough of this vein; but in extent it is rich to luxuriate—to satiety, and we feel ourselves beginning to grow sick of it. Right pleased are we, therefore, to hear at length from Kathleen, a gay giddy girl, a poor cousin of Flora's, that she has

"—a plan to scare poor paltry Gullcrammer Out of his paltry wits."

Great promise is made, and special manoeuv-

ring is practised to bring this rare plan about; but unfortunately it turns out to be as poor, and abortive a game of mummery as we ever remember to have been treated withal. Gullcrammer gets a lodging in the haunted chamber, and Kathleen and her lover, Blackthorn, come in as maskers—Cockledemoy and Owlspeigle—to scare the poor wight "out of his wits." We give the passage at some length as a precious specimen of pure nonsense, of which that Sir Walter should be guilty at any period, however juvenile, of his literary life, must give us marvel; but still more must we express our surprise at its present publication; in good truth we grudge it the space it occupies:—

Duet without, between Owlspeigle and Cockledemoy.

Owlspeigle—Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy—

Cockledemoy—Here, father, here.

Owlspeigle—Now the pole-star's red and burning,

And the witch's spindle turning,

Appear, appear!

Gullcrammer (who has again raised himself, and listened with great terror to the Duet)

I have heard of the devil's dam before,

But never of his child. Now, Heaven deliver me!

The Papists have the better of us there,—

They have their Latin prayers, cut and dried,

And pat for such occasion—I can think

On nought but the vernacular.

Owlspeigle—Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

We'll sport us here—

Cockledemoy—Our gambols play,

Like elve and fay;

Owlspeigle—And domineer,

Both—Laugh, frolic, and frisk till the morning appear.

Cockledemoy—Lift latch—open flap—

Shoot bolt—and burst ha-p!

[*The door opens with violence. Enter Blackthorn, as Owlspeigle, fantastically dressed as a Spanish B. . . tall, thin, emaciated, and ghastly; Flora, as Cockledemoy, attends as his Page. All their manners, voices, and motions, are fantastic, as those of goblins. They make two or three times the circuit of the room, without seeming to see Gullcrammer. They then rest, in their Chant, or Recitative.*]

Owlspeigle—Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?

Will thou ride on the midnight owl?

Cockledemoy—No; for the weather is stormy and foul.

Owlspeigle—Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?

With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat,

Will thou fight a traverse with a castle cat?

Cockledemoy—Oh, no! she has claws, and I like not that.

Gullcrammer—I see the devil is a doating father,

And spoils his children—'tis the surest way

To make cursed imps of them. They see me not—

What will they think on next? It must be ow'd,

They have a dainty choice of occupations.

Owlspeigle—Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What shall we do that can give thee joy?

Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

Cockledemoy—That's best, that's best!

Both—About, about,

Like an elvish scout,

The Cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.

[*They search the room with mops and mows. At length Cockledemoy jumps upon the bed. Gullcrammer raises himself half up, supporting himself by his hands. Cockledemoy does the same, and grins at him, then steps from the bed, and runs to Owlspeigle.*]

Cockledemoy—I've found the nest,

And in it a guest,

With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;

He must be wash'd, and trimm'd and dress'd,

To please the eyes he loves the best.

Owlspeigle—That's best, that's best.

Both—He must be shaved, and trimm'd and dress'd

To please the eyes he loves the best.

[*They arrange shaving things on the table, and sing as they prepare them.*]

Both—Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,

Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

Owlspeigle (sharpening his razor.)

The sword this is made of was lost in a fray

By a top, who first bullied and then ran away;

And the strap from the hide of a lame racer, sold

By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.

Both—For all of the humbug, the bite and the buzz,

Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

Cockledemoy (placing the napkin.)

And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,

At an usurer's funeral I stole from the hair.

[Drops something from a vial, as going to make suet.
This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his mother,
Which wept while she ogled the parson with other.
Both—For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Outspiegle (arranging the lather and basin.)

My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicater employs in his trade.
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's sworn
By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.
Both—For all of the humbug, the bite and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

Halloo, halloo,
The black-crook crew,
Thrice shriek'd hath the owl, thrice croak'd hath
the raven,
Here, ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be
slaven!

Positively we will go no farther with this
foolery—though possibly the author might say
the best was yet to come—the actual shaving,
and the trimming—with recitative and chorus,
to the great encouragement and delight of
Master Gullcrammer. The worst of it is,
that this shaving affair is purely an episode,
without any pretension to forward the catas-
trophe. This latter occurrence, our readers
must be informed, is entirely owing to the in-
terference of a ghost, who discovers to the
poor baron a heap of treasure, and after tan-
talisating and tempting him in vain for a con-
siderable period, at last vanishes in a clap of
thunder!

Few passages of any value for selection,
occur to us even after an attentive perusal;
perhaps the following, though destitute of any
originality of conception, may be among the
best in the piece:—

Eleanor—A misplaced match hath that deep curse in't,
That can embitter e'en the purest streams
Of true affection. Thou hast seen me seek,
With the strict caution early habits taught me,
To match our wants and means—hast seen thy father,
With aristocracy's high brow of scorn,
Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue,
As best befitting her whose sires were peasants:
Nor can I, when I see my lineage scorn'd,
Always conceal in what contempt I hold
The fancied claims of rank he clings to fondly.

And this:

Oswald—So all men beg—

Durward—Yes—I can make it good by proof. Your
soldier

Begs for a leaf of laurel, and a line
In the gazette. * He brandishes his sword
To back his suit, and is a sturdy beggar—
The courtier begs a ribband or a star,
And, like our gentler mumpers, is provided
With false certificates of health and fortune
Lost in the public service. For your lover,
Who begs a sigh, a smile, a lock of hair,
A buskin-point, he mounds upon the pad,
With the true cant of pure mendicency.
“The smallest trifle to relieve a Christian,
And if it like your ladyship!”—

[In a begging tone.

Katleen (apart.)

This is a cunning knave, and feeds the humour
Of my aunt's husband, for I must not say
Mine honour'd uncle. I will try a question.
Your man of merit though, who serves the common
wealth,
Nor asks for a requital?—

[To *Durward*.

Durward. Is a dumb beggar,

And let's his actions speak like signs for him,
Challenging double guerdon. Now, I'll show
How your true beggar has the fair advantage
O'er all the tribes of cloak'd mendicency.
I have told over to you—The soldier's laurel,
The statesman's ribband, and the lady's favour,
Once won and gain'd, are not held worth a farthing
By such as longest, loudest, canted for them;
Whereas, your charitable halpenny,
Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,
Is worth two farthings, and, in times of plenty,
Will buy a crust of bread.

Of Auchindrane we entertain a much higher
opinion; and indeed were it not for the bad

* We may be permitted to observe here, for the spe-
cial information of one of our learned cotemporaries,
that there is surely no anachronism in the mention of
a Gazette in this place. The action of *Devorgoil* passes
in the early part of the 18th century—full thirty years
after the sanguinary career of Claverse. This our
learned friend might have gleaned from one of his own
extracts.

company in which we find it, in juxtaposition
with such an abortive effort as *Devorgoil*, we
might, perhaps, be tempted to pronounce it a
very beautiful dramatic poem, and worthy of
the talent of Sir Walter Scott. Had we read
it first, we should have discovered in it, most
probably, redeeming beauties enough to buoy
up its unfortunate brother; but as it is, it am-
ply reconciles us to the whole volume; it not
only establishes in our mind its own merits,
but wipes out much of its neighbour's imper-
fections. So much for the general impression.

The facts upon which the “Ayrshire Tra-
gedy” is founded, are preserved in the Scottish
Criminal Record; they are to be published in
full detail in the next *fasciculus* of *Pitcairn's*
work; but we have them meantime here, in
the preface to *Auchindrane*, related in that
elegant style of narrative for which the author
of *Waverley* is so justly celebrated. The plot
of the tragedy turns upon the conscious guilt,
and murderous cruelty of John Mure, of
Auchindrane. He, his son, and *Quentin*
Blane, are the principal characters. *Quentin*
is the only existing witness who has it in his
power to convict *Auchindrane* of being chief
accessary to the murder of the Earl of *Cassilis*;
and the unhappy youth seems to be the
destined child of misfortune. He is thrown
by his unlucky fate into the hands of *Auchin-*
drane, and falls a victim to the demon of guilty
suspicion. The description of *Quentin Blane*
is thus briefly given by the author. “He is
a mild, gentle, and rather feeble character,
liable to be influenced by any person of stronger
mind, who will take the trouble to direct him.
He is somewhat of a nervous temperament,
varying from sadness to gaiety, according to
the impulse of the moment; an amiable hypo-
chondriac.” *Hildebrand*, his companion, is a
stout old Englishman—an ex-sergeant major.
The events of the tragedy are supposed to oc-
cur in the early part of the reign of James the
First of England; in fact, *Auchindrane* and
his son were executed in the year 1611. With
these few short preliminary and essential no-
tices, we are prepared to read the following
passages, taken from the piece without much
selection.

Quentin—My thoughts are wellnigh desperate. But
I purpose
Return to my stern patron—there to tell him
That wars, and winds, and waves, have cross'd his
pleasure,
And cast me on the shere from whence he banish'd
me.
Then let him do his will, and destine for me
A dungeon or a grave.

Sergeant—Now, by the rood, thou art a simple fool!
I can do better for thee. Mark me, *Quentin*.
I took my license from the noble regiment,
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,
Partly that an estate of yeomanry,
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on,
Has called me owner since a kinsman's death.
It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the wealth
Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,
Stretches, by streams which walk no sluggish pace,
But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend *Quentin*,
This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?

Quentin—Nay, you can only jest, my worthy friend!
What claim have I to be a burden to you?

Sergeant—The claim of him that wants, and is in
danger,
On him that has, and can afford protection:
Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in my cottage,
Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on the hearth,
And this good halbert hung above the chimney?
But come—I have it—thou shalt earn thy bread
Duly, and honourably and usefully.

Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,
Forsook the ancient schoolhouse, with its yew-trees,
That lurk'd beside a church two centuries older,
So long devotion took the lead of knowledge;
And since his little flock are shepherdless,
‘Tis thou shalt be promoted in his room;
And rather than thou wantest scholars, man,

Myself will enter pupil. Better late.
Our proverb says, than never to do well.
And look you, on the holidays, I'd tell
To all the wondering boors and gaping children,
Strange tales of what the regiment did in Flanders,
And thou shouldst say amen, and be my warrant,
That I speak truth to them.

Quentin—Would I might take thy offer! But, alas!
Thou art the hermit who compell'd a pilgrim,
In name of Heaven and heavenly charity,
To share his roof and meal, but found too late
That he had drawn a curse on him and his,
By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of Heaven!

Sergeant—Thou talk'st in riddles to me.

Quentin. If I do
‘Tis that I am a riddle to myself.
Thou know'st I am by nature born a friend
To glee and merriment; can make wild verses;
The jest or laugh has never stopped with me,
When once 'twas set a rolling.

Sergeant. I have known thee
A blithe companion still, and wonder now
Thou shouldst become thus crest-fallen.

Quentin—Does the lark sing her descant when the
falcon

Scales the blue vault with bolder wing than hers,
And meditates a stoop? The mirth thou'st noted
Was all deception, fraud—Hated enough
For other causes, I did veil my feelings
Beneath the mask of mirth;—‘gaugh'd, sung, and
caroll'd

To gain some interest in my comrades' bosoms,
Although mine own was bursting.

Sergeant. Thou'rt a hypocrite
Of a new order.

Quentin—But harmless as the innoxious snake,
Which bears the adder's form, lurks in his haunts,
Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor his poison.
Look you, kind *Hildebrand*, I would seem merry,
Lest other men should, tiring of my sadness,
Expel me from them, as the hunted wether
is driven from the flock.

Sergeant—Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.
Had I been asked to name the merriest fellow
Of all our muster-roll—that man wert thou.

Quentin. Seest thou, my friend, you brook dance
down the valley.

And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny waterfalls, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage;
Where think'st thou is its source, the bonny brook?
It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gaiety,
Which I have laid before you in its sadness.

We note *en passant*, the following splendid
simile spoken by old *Auchindrane*:—

Auchindrane—What can man speak that I would
shrink to hear,
And where the danger I would deign to shun?

[He rises.

What should appal a man inured to perils,
Like the bold climber on the crags of Ailsa?
Winds whistle past him, billows rage below,
The sea-fowl sweep around, with shriek and clang,
One single slip, one unadvised pace,
One qualm of giddiness—peace be with him!
But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is firm,
Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud rock
The means to scale another, till he stand
Triumphant on the peak.

And here another:—

Gifford—I saw your gauntlet lie before the Kennedys,
Who look'd on it as men do on an adder.
Loning to crush, and yet afraid to grasp it.
Not an eye sparkled; not a foot advanced;
No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal symbol.

In the interview (in act the second,) of
Auchindrane with his wicked son, the latter
says:—

Philip—Father, what we call great, is often ruin'd
By means so ludicrously disproportion'd.
They make me think upon the gunner's linstock,
Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glowworm, yet applied
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,
Sent a young King—a young Queen's mate at least—
Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,
As they can tell who heard,—and you were one
Who saw, perhaps, the night-fight which began it.

Auchindrane—If thou hast nought to speak but drum-
ken folly.

I cannot listen longer.

Philip—I will speak brief and sudden.—There is one
whose tongue to us has the same perilous force
Which *Bothwell's* powder had to *Kirk of Field*;
One whose least tones, and those but peasant accents,

* Who is not immediately reminded of Johnson's
pathetic account of the miserable state of his feelings
at an early period of his life: “Ah, Sir, I was mad,
and violent; it was bitterness which they mistook for
frolic” &c. Sir Walter Scott has quoted this very pas-
sage from Boswell, as descriptive of Swift's feelings at
a similar period.—See his *Life of Swift*.

Could rend the roof from off our fathers' castle,
Level its tallest turret with its base;
And he that doth possess this wondrous power
Sleeps this same night not five miles distant from us.

In the third act the unfortunate Quentin Blane is confronted on the sea shore, at dead of night, by Auchindrane and his son, who are intent on murdering him.

Auchindrane—Thou wert my vassal, born upon my land,

Bread by my bounty—It concern'd me highly,
Thou know'st it did—yet again my charge
Again I find thy worthlessness in Scotland.

Quentin—Alas, the wealthy and the powerful know not
How very dear to those who have least share in't,
Is that sweet word of country! The poor exile
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him:
The language, nay, the music jars his ear,
Why should I, guiltless of the slightest crime,
Suffer a punishment which, sparing life,
Deprives that life of all which men hold dear?

Auchindrane—Hear ye the self I bred, begin to reckon
Upon his rights and pleasures! Who am I—
Thou object who am I, whose will thou thwartest?

Philip—Well spoke my pious sire. There goes remorse?

Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.

Quentin—Your words are deadly, and your power resistless;

I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life
May give you the security you seek,
Without commission of a mortal crime.

Auchindrane—Who is't would deign to think upon
thy life?

I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou may'st sojourn for some little space,
Having due means of living dealt out to thee,
And, when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.

Quentin—Noble my Lord,
I am too weak to combat with your pleasure;
Yet, O, for mercy's sake, and for the sake
Of that dear land which is our common mother,
Let me not part in darkness from my country!
Pass but an hour or two, and every cape,
Headland, and bay, shall gleam with new-born light,
And I'll take boat as gaily as the bird
That soars to meet the morning.

Grant me but this—to show no darker thoughts
Are on your heart than those your speech expresses!
Philip—A modest favour, friend, is this you ask!
Are we to pace the beach like waterman,
Waiting your worship's pleasure to take boat?
No, by my faith! you go upon the instant.
The boat lies ready, and the ship receives you
Near to the point of Turnberry.—Come, we wait you;
Bestir you!

Quentin—I obey.—Then farewell, Scotland,
And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that mercy,
Which mortal man deserves not!

Auchindrane (*speaks aside to his son*)—What signal
Shall let me know 'tis done?

Philip—The light is quench'd,
Your fears for Quentin Blane are at an end.
(*To Quentin*)—Come, comrade, come, we must begin
our voyage.

Quentin—But when, O when to end it!
[*He goes off reluctantly with Philip and MacLellan.*
*Auchindrane stands looking after them. The moon
becomes overclouded, and the stage dark. Auchindrane,
who has gazed fixedly and eagerly after those who have
left the stage, becomes unmindful, and speaks.*]

Auchindrane—It is no fallacy!—The night is dark,
The moon has sunk before the deepening clouds;
I cannot on the murky beach distinguish
The shallow from the rocks which lie beside it;
I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,
Nor trace the sullen brow of Niel MacLellan;
Yet still that cald'st visage is before me,
With chattering teeth, mazed look, and bristling hair,
As he stood here this moment!—Have I changed
My human eyes for those of some night prowler,
The wolf's, the tiger-cat's, or the hoarse bird's
That spies its prey at midnight? I can see him—
Yes, I can see him, seeing no one else,—
And well it is I do so. In his absence,
Strange thoughts of pity mingled with my purpose,
And moved remorse within me—But they vanish'd
When'er he stood a living man before me;
Seeing my antipathy awak'd within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.—How they linger!
The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself,
What has the poor wretch done to wake my hatred—
Docile, obedient, and in suffering patient?—
As well demand what evil has he done
Done to the bound that courses her in sport.
Instinct infallible supplies the reason—
And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!
Their boat now walks the waves; a single gleam,
Now seen now lost, is all that marks her course;
That soon shall vanish too—then all is over!
Would it were o'er, for in this moment lies

The agony of ages!—Now, 'tis gone—
And all is acted!—no—she breathes again
The opposing wave, and bears the tiny sparkle
Upon her crest—(*A faint cry heard as from seaward.*)

Ha! there was fatal evidence,
All's over now, indeed!—The light is quench'd—
And Quentin, source of all my fear, exists not.—
The morning tide shall sweep his corpse to sea,
And hide all memory of this stern night's work.

Our last extract deals in the supernatural,
and will be read, we doubt not, with intense
interest.

Auchindrane—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look
Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue.

Philip—Hear me, old man—There is a heaven above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart preach.
Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness
Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waves like a living thing,
Erect, as if he trode the waves which bare him.

Auchindrane—Thou speakest frenzy, when sense is
most required.

Philip—Hear me yet more!—I say I did the deed
With all the coolness of a practised hunter
When dealing with a stag. I struck him overboard,
And with MacLellan's aid I held his head
Under the waters, while the ranger tied
The weights we had provided to his feet.
We cast him loose when life and body parted,
And hid him speed for Ireland. But even then,
As in defiance of the words we spoke,
The body rose upright behind our stern,
One half in ocean, and one half in air,
And tidied after as in chaise of us.

Auchindrane—It was enchantment! Did you strike
at it?

Philip—Once and again. But blows avail'd no more
Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
The column for a moment, which itrites.
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sunk down before my oar, but rose unharmed,
And dogg'd us closer still, as in defiance.

Auchindrane—'Twas Hell's own work!—
And desperate in his fear, blasphem'd aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.

Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued
By this dead shape, upon whose ghastly features
The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light;
And, baited thus, I took the nearest way
To insure his silence, and to quell his noise;
I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
And half expected his dead carcass also
Would join the chase, but he sunk down at once.
Auchindrane—He had enough of mortal sin about him,
To sink an argosy.

Pleased as we are with the merits of *Auchindrane*, we should feel a superior gratification, we fancy, in seeing it actually brought before us on the stage. We can see no objection to its being performed,—not indeed as "a tragedy," in the legitimate and orthodox application of that term, for as it stands at present arranged in three long acts, it would require certain manipulations and divisions—but as a higher order of melo-drama. Of its eventual success under judicious management, we should feel inclined to augur most favourably. In conclusion, we shall express a hope that Sir Walter will not stop here; he has now amply proved that, in conjunction with his other splendid endowments, he possesses the *matériel* of a great and successful dramatic writer; and we gladly hail the period when he may add yet another wreath to his numerous laurels.

Derwentwater; a Tale of 1715. In 2 vols.
London, William Kidd.

THE field of historical romance, though it has been, in a great measure, engrossed by the splendid productions of one gifted Scotsman, still contains so many valuable treasures, that we witness with delight the appearance in it of any new and worthy labourers. Here we have one before us, of great talent and infinite good sense, who, to a clear view and mastery over his world of fancy and romance, adds the rare merit of understanding the history of the period of which he writes. His work possesses

interest, too, of another sort: it illustrates the state of manners and character in a distant and most interesting district of England, which, though affording many lively pictures of the varieties of human conduct, temper, and principles, seems hitherto, strangely enough, to have wanted a chronicler.

A better spot than Northumberland could not have been chosen, to illustrate the disinterested gallantry and devotion which the old and real Jacobites of England, shewed to the infatuated Stuarts, in the rising of 1715.—The family of the Ratcliffes, whose name subsequently changed to the more princely title—"Derwentwater,"—continues to this day endeared to the men of Northumberland by many fresh remembrances of familiar kindness—were conspicuous for their personal attachment to that race, and for their rash contempt of danger in the cause. Every one at all acquainted with the circumstances of the first rebellion, will know the game which the last unfortunate Earl played so rashly, and accounted for so fearfully. His fate affords abundant elements for a good novel, though there were few obtrusive or prominent features in his own gentle and amiable character.

We do not like to analyse two volumes in a single paragraph; and therefore shall not attempt a sketch of the busy plot, but refer to the book itself, in which our readers will find many stirring details of individual adventure, mingled and identified with a striking sketch of the great public occurrences to which we have alluded. And by the way, on this same historical sketch we would say a few words.—Of late years it has been much the fashion in writing of the great controversy of this period, to decry what may well be called the cause of popular principles, to vilify and abuse the Whigs, as the Hanoverian or Constitutional party were then called; and with extraordinary zeal for a vanquished cause, to trumpet forth the devotion of the Jacobites, their personal gallantry, disinterested valour, unspeakable constancy, faith, and honour.—Now we could never much approve this. We could never appreciate the feeling that would raise to the stars men remarkable only for misguided, albeit disinterested, devotion to an arbitrary government, and would visit with ridicule and opprobrium, the memory of those to whose "devotion" for a rational government, we owe all the blessings of a free constitution. The manliness with which this historical question is treated in these pages, demands our unqualified praise. The author does not tax his faith and dexterity to make the worse appear the better cause; yet he excites zeal and active sympathy for the untimely fate of his hero, and other adherents of that bad cause, by speaking always with fairness and indulgence, and neither calling in the aid of seducing pathos, or diseased sentiment.—In an honest and truly moral strain of feeling, he deplores their miserable destiny, whilst he censures their misguided zeal.

What follows will bear us out, to the full, in what we have said: it is penned with "a learned spirit of observation," and follows the account of *Derwentwater's* execution, which we think also worthy of an extract; it is most affecting, but its chief praiseworthiness consists in a close and scrupulous adherence to historical accuracy; this, in a work of fiction, where exaggeration is but too prevalent, cannot be sufficiently commended: